

Good Morning

188

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

A BUNCH OF MESSAGES AND A FAMILY PHOTO FOR L.S. ERNEST MAY



WE went to "The Laurels," Kirby Cross, Frinton-on-Sea, expecting to find the aunt of L.S. Ernest May, and we found his wife also.

All the family are very well and everything's O.K. at home, Ernest.

Phyllis, your young niece, spends most of her time annoying the cats; yesterday she tied two of their tails together. She showed me the toy submarine you made for her. Her aunt doesn't permit her to wear it often, because it is quite a family heirloom and they don't want to lose it.

By the way, have you ever asked your aunt to make salmon sandwiches and coffee? We didn't ask, but, assisted by your wife, she produced a meal that would have satisfied three men. They certainly can handle food!

Ada, your sister-in-law, was home, too, and she thanks you for the picture card of the corporal sitting in the moonlight; "One day I will find an appropriate reply," she promised.

Another promise from Ada is a shampoo for your hair. "Wait until I get him. I'll make his hair like Shirley Temple's."

There are some books on the way to you from home. Among them are several of Denis Wheatley's and the latest of the "Wind" series.

Here are a collection of brief messages that only you will appreciate; Ada says the Army is still best and your wife says the organ, as ever, is far superior to your fanatical jive.

Blondie, we were told, needs cod-liver oil! John is still having fun in Wales, and the gang at the "Hare" say they hope you will have had a little more practice before you challenge the house to darts again.

The postscript is a hug and kiss from Muriel and love from all at home.

The Penniless "Emperor" of America

HE strode briskly along a main street in San Francisco, and, raising their hats, people made way on either side. At a street corner a group of idlers gave him a cheer.

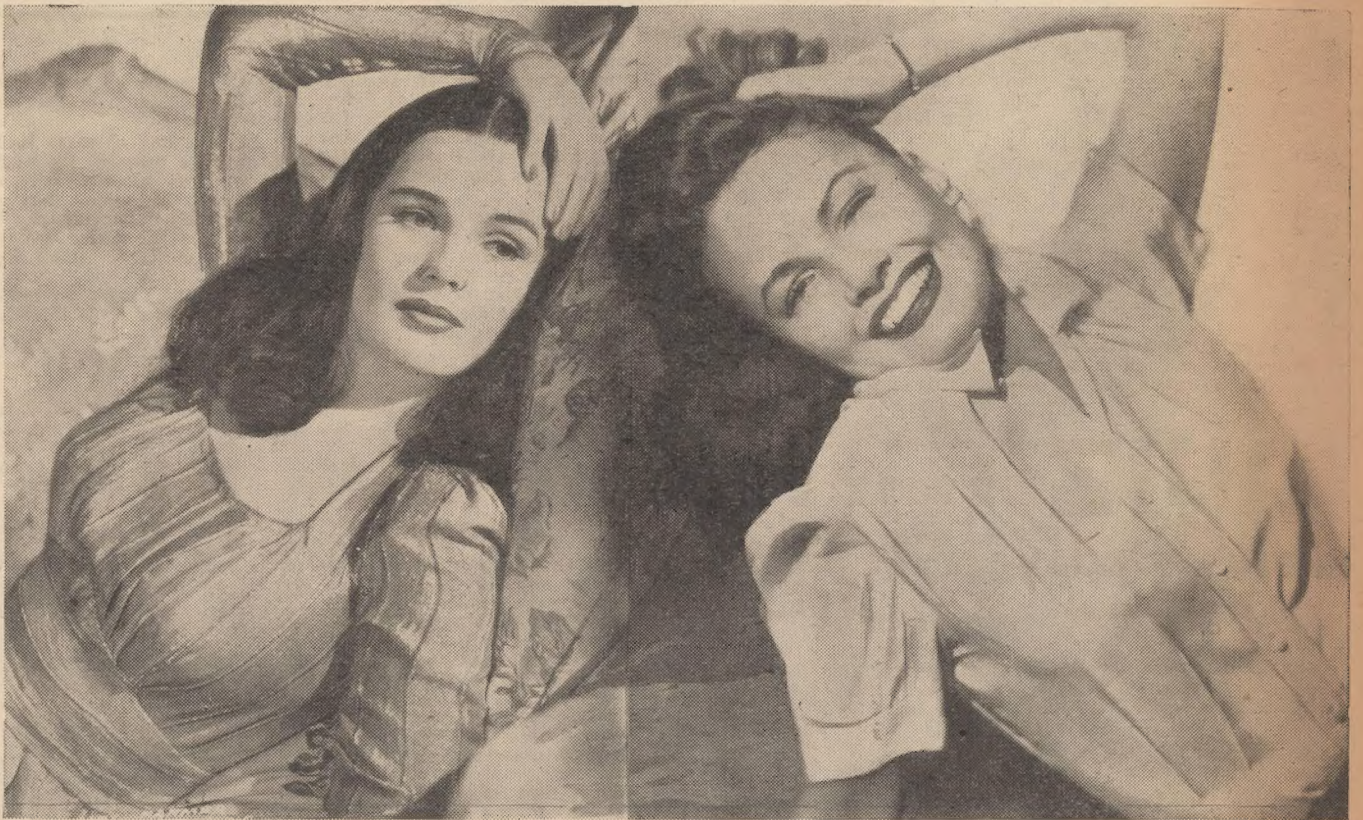
Turning into a bank, he asked for three dollars from the Royal Exchequer—and was given the money, though he hadn't a penny-piece in the world.

EMPEROR NORTON.

"Norton the First, by the Grace of God, Emperor of America and Protector of Mexico," as he styled himself, was one of the most lovable old characters ever cast up amid the flotsam and jetsam of Frisco.

Most lunatics who lay claim to thrones don't get very far. But in Charlie Norton's case—and because the throne of America was non-existent—people jokingly accepted him at his face value.

CALL BOY BRINGS YOU TWO REAL "BEAUTS" CHEEK TO CHEEK



TO YOUR LEFT—FRANCES FARMER

HOW would you like a trip out of San Francisco in twenty-five mile island — and perfect weather on a fascinating old sailing schooner?

And how would you like not only to take the trip but to take it as part of your job—receiving your salary every day? In case you're interested, all you have to do is get into the movies and be assigned to a production like Paramount's Technicolor "Ebb Tide."

"Ebb Tide" is a South Sea island story. The company, however, did not actually go to the South Seas. Instead, they went on location at remote Isthmus Harbour on southern California's famous Catalina Island.

In order to get the proper foliage and vegetation to portray a South Sea island, barges full of tropical shrubs, ferns, and flowers were transported from the mainland. And the prop. man's troubles did not end there. For Catalina Island is famous for its wild goats—and that specially imported green stuff looked particularly good to the goats. They did not, however, partake of any of it—thanks to the watchfulness of the prop. crew.

SEA SPIDERS.

Then, too, besides the vegetation, such things as bright-hued tropical fish, sea spiders—and even fresh tropical fruits—

They sent him letters signed in the names of the world's rulers. If Norton ever doubted his status, he became sure of it when he found himself in correspondence with the Emperor of China and the King of Spain.

When he found funds were low, he stopped passers-by to ask, "Have you paid your taxes?" And in the glittering "Frisco of the Gold Rush days people willingly paid up. He wore a blue military uniform bought at a second-hand store. Restaurant managers gave him free meals when they discovered that his glittering "presence" crowded all tables.

GOT "ROYAL" ROBES.

For twenty-five years Emperor Norton was the pet of the city. Because he drew trade

had to be delivered to the twenty-five mile island — and kept fresh while there.

In order to procure the fish, some of the island fishermen were hired to search for the species desired. And divers were assigned to hunt the sea bottom for the spiders.

Oscar Homolka, a European actor making his American screen debut in this picture, lost his voice for a couple of days because of the strain put on it by shouting orders to the crew against the ever-present wind. He plays the captain of the schooner.

Frances Farmer caused the director some jitters when she insisted on doing a scene herself in which it was necessary for her to swim ashore through the breakers. But she arrived on the beach without any mishap.

The number of Paramount people who took part in this location trip varied at different times from 150 to 300. That, of course, includes cameramen, prop. men, technicians—everybody. This sudden influx of people earning good salaries sent the island prosperity chart climbing like a thermometer on a hot day.

Mostly the Isthmus is the haunt of yachtsmen from the mainland, who tie up in the harbour for a night and sail away next day.

to the town from outlying districts the civic authorities even presented him in the end with a set of royal robes.

Then the Government of California made obeisance by granting him a special seat in the Senate Chamber, where he attended practically every afternoon, busily taking notes on the speeches.

Sceptical visitors, who thought Norton's regal delusions merely a racket to make money, were convinced when they learned that he still lived in a 25-cent room in a lodging-house.

"MADE" MONEY.

He always gave surplus money away. The Emperor, in fact, was noted for the kindness of his feelings, or his

TO YOUR RIGHT—JANET BLAIR

THE way Hollywood is carrying on about Janet Blair, who is currently starred with Don Ameche and Jack Oakie in Columbia's "Something to Shout About," you'd think the gal had been born at the corner of Hollywood and Vine.

But while members of the film fraternity are calling Miss B. the most talented youngster in town, the citizens of her home town in Pennsylvania are snickering among themselves. "What's new about that?" they ask. "She was always the most talented kid in Altoona."

Janet is the vindication of all home towns, each of which always has its own most-talented child, the kind who is bright in her studies, shines at the piano and dance recitals, can speak pieces, and who can skin-the-cat on the grammar school horizontal bars more times than anybody else.

"SIZZLING."

Most of these kids fizzle out when they're about eighteen, marry the high school full-back and raise a family or go to Hollywood and New York to wind up clerking in dime stores along with all the other most-talented-little-girls in all the other home towns.

But Janet's home town talents aren't fizzling. They're sizzling.

When she first came into the scene a little over a year ago, fresh from a singing spot with Hal Kemp's band, Columbia had a hunch they had something in this peppy little blonde.

So they tossed her into "Three Girls About Town," figuring that if they were just suffering from the hallucinations, Joan Blondell and Binnie

reign of charm might not have lasted so long.

There came a time of depression when Norton had several thousand so-called Treasury certificates printed and distributed to the unemployed. He was under the impression that the banks would meet them just as they had always paid out to him.

The banks prosecuted. Laughing judges dismissed the charge

Barnes could help pick up the pieces. But the picture showed that there were definitely three girls about town. Not just two and a half.

The studio still couldn't believe she was as good as she seemed. Those things so seldom happen. So they pinched themselves and put her in a "Blondie" picture.

Every time Janet appeared on the screen the film crackled. By the time she pulled the same trick in "Two Yanks in Trinidad," the public was beginning to clamour for more Janet.

When the first rushes began to rush through on "My Sister Eileen," Director Al Hall and all those within fainting distance fainted. Janet had been bright enough as a leading lady. She blazed as a comedienne!

SOMETHING . . . PLUS.

Janet didn't even have a chance to gulp before she was plopped right down into the femme lead of Gregory Ratoff's "Something to Shout About."

She sings, she dances, she can act romantic, she's a comedienne, and her charms make the boys go "Oh! Oh!"

If Columbia were considering a script in which the heroine had to talk Chinese, Russian, Sanskrit, and three ancient Babylonian dialects simultaneously while tight-rope walking — with high heels — from the roof of the Chrysler Building to the RCA Building in New York, meanwhile darning the heel of a sock, they wouldn't be perturbed. They'd just give the part to Janet Blair and relax.

And Altoona would calmly chant, "We told you so."

—but the Emperor of America never again wore his robes.

DETHRONED.

He was deposed, and none too soon.

When he died, letters were found in his pockets purporting to come from the Czar of Russia and the President of France, arranging his engagement with the Queen of England!

"ROARING BLACKGUARDLY ENJOYMENT"

Continuing—
The Tale of the Body-snatcher
By R. L. Stevenson

WANGLING WORDS—143

THE scene was over like a dream, but next day the servant found gold spectacles broken on the threshold.

That very night we were all standing breathless by the bar-room window, and Fettes at our side, sober, pale, and resolute in look.

"God protect us, Mr. Fettes!" said the landlord, coming first into possession of his customary senses. "What in the universe is all this? These are strange things you have been saying."

Fettes turned toward us; he looked us each in succession in the face.

QUIZ for today

1. Polyglot is a sweetmeat, insect, speaker of many languages, bigamist, set of twelve photos?

2. Who wrote (a) "A Room of One's Own," (b) "A Room with a View"?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Oak, Deal, Elm, Beech, Walnut, Mahogany.

4. Who was the Patron Saint of cripples and beggars?

5. Who is the present Prime Minister of Australia?

6. On what day of the week does Christmas Day fall this year?

7. Which of the following are misspelt?—Indurate, chasiss, criterion, dulcimer, enunciate, melancholy.

8. What is a Pochard?

9. Who was the son of Nun?

10. Correct 'A patch in time saves nine.'

11. Hallowe'en falls on: October 12, October 21, October 31, November 12, November 21?

12. Complete the pairs (a) Beck and —, (b) Dot and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 187

1. Russian vehicle.
2. (a) F. Anstey, (b) Shakespeare.
3. Oxford is inland; the others are coastal.
4. Stuart Pietre Brodie.
5. Robert Burns.
6. 82,799 tons.
7. Intimidate, Nostalgia.
8. —35½ miles.
9. Rare metal.
10. George Cross.
11. 1649.
12. (a) Kings, (b) Butter.

JANE

Tricked into marriage with Captain Boloney Jane rushes out into the street in her transparent waterproof!



"See if you can hold your tongues," said he. "That man Macfarlane is not safe to cross; those that have done so already have repented it too late."

And then, without so much as finishing his third glass, far less waiting for the other two, he bade us good-bye and went forth, under the lamp of the hotel, into the black night.

We three turned to our places in the parlour, with the big red fire and four clear candles; and as we recapitulated what had passed, the first chill of our surprise soon changed into a glow of curiosity. We sat late; it was the latest session I have known in the old "George." Each man, before we parted, had his theory that he was bound to prove; and none of us had any nearer business in this world than to track out the past of our condemned companion and surprise the secret that he shared with the great London doctor. It is no great boast, but I believe I was a better hand at worming out a story than either of my fellows at the "George"; and perhaps there is now no other man alive who could narrate to you the following foul and unnatural events.

In his young days Fettes studied medicine in the schools of Edinburgh. He had talent of a kind, the talent that picks up swiftly what it hears and readily retails it for its own. He worked little at home; but he was civil, attentive, and intelligent in the presence of his masters. They soon picked him out as a lad who listened closely and remembered well; nay, strange as it seemed to me when I first heard it, he was in those days well favoured, and pleased by his exterior.

There was, at that period, a certain extra-mural teacher of anatomy, whom I shall

WORD LADDER

| | |
|------|------|
| SILK | BUMP |
| | |
| | |
| | |
| | |
| WOOL | DENT |

Chemists will tell you it's impractical to make silk out of wool. However, you can make wool out of silk in five moves, changing only one letter at a time, and leaving a complete word each time. (Answer in No. 189).

here designate by the letter K. His name was subsequently too well known. The man who bore it skulked through the streets of Edinburgh in disguise, while the mob that applauded at the execution of Burke called loudly for the blood of his employer.

But Mr. K. was then at the top of his vogue; he enjoyed a popularity due partly to his own talent and address, partly to the incapacity of his rival, the university professor. The students, at least, swore by his name, and Fettes believed himself, and was believed by others, to have laid the foundations of success when he had acquired the favour of this meteorically famous man. By the second year of his attendance Fettes held the half-regular position of second demonstrator or sub-assistant in his class.

In this capacity the charge of the theatre and lecture-room devolved in particular upon his shoulders. He had to answer for the cleanliness of the premises and the conduct of the other students, and it was a part of his duty to supply, receive and divide the various "subjects." It was with a view to this last—at that time very delicate affair that he was lodged by Mr. K. in the same building, with the dissecting-rooms.

Here, after a night of turbulent pleasures, his hand still tottering, his sight still misty and confused, he would be called out of bed in the black hours before the winter dawn by the unclean and desperate interlopers who supplied the dissecting-table. He would open the door to these men, since infamous throughout the land.

He would help them with their tragic burden, pay them their sordid price, and remain alone, when they were gone, with the unfriendly relics of humanity. From such a scene he would return to snatch another hour or two of slumber, to repair the abuses of the night and refresh himself for the labours of the day.

Few lads could have been more insensible to the impressions of a life thus passed among the emblems of mortality. His mind was closed against all general considerations. He was incapable of interest in the fate and fortunes of another, the slave of his own desires and low ambitions. Cold, light, and selfish in the last resort, he had that modicum of prudence, mis-called morality, which keeps a man from inconvenient drunkenness or punishable theft. He coveted, besides, a measure of consideration from his masters and his fellow-pupils, and he had no desire to fail conspicuously in the external parts of life. Thus he made it his pleasure to gain some distinc-

tion in his studies, and day after day rendered unimpeachable eye-service to his employer, Mr. K.

For his day of work he indemnified himself by nights of roaring, blackguardly enjoyment; and when that balance had been struck, the organ that he called his conscience declared itself content.

The supply of "subjects" was a continual trouble to him as well as to his master. In that large and busy class, the "raw material" of the anatomists kept perpetually running out, and the business thus rendered necessary was not only unpleasant in itself, but threatened dangerous consequences to all who were concerned.

It was the policy of Mr. K. to ask no questions in his dealings with the trade. "They bring the body, and we pay the price," he used to say.

There was no understanding that the subjects were provided by the crime of murder. Had that idea been broached to him in words he would have recoiled in horror; but the lightness of his speech upon so grave a matter was, in itself, an offence against good manners and a temptation to the men with whom he dealt.

Fettes, for instance, had often remarked to himself upon the singular freshness of the bodies. He had been struck again and again by the hang-dog, abominable looks of the ruffians who came to him before the dawn; and putting things together clearly in his private thoughts, he perhaps attributed a meaning too immoral and too categorical to the unguarded counsels of his master. He understood his duty, in short, to have three branches: to take what was brought, to pay the price, and to avert the eye from any evidence of crime.

One November morning this policy of silence was put sharply to the test. He had been awake all night with a racking toothache—pacing his room like a caged beast or throwing himself in fury on his bed—and had fallen at last into that profound, uneasy slumber that so often follows on a night of pain, when he was awakened by the third or fourth angry repetition of the concerted signal.

There was a thin, bright moonshine; it was bitter cold, windy and frosty; the town had not yet awakened, but an indefinable stir already precluded the noise and business of the day. The ghouls had come later than usual, and they seemed more than usually eager to be gone.

Fettes, sick with sleep, lighted them upstairs. He heard their grumbling voices through a dream; and as they

stripped the sack from their sad merchandise he leaned dozing, with his shoulder propped against the wall; he had to shake himself to find the men their money. As he did so his eyes lighted on the dead face. He started; he took two steps nearer, with the candle raised.

"God Almighty!" he cried. "That is Jane Galbraith!"

The men answered nothing, but they shuffled nearer the door.

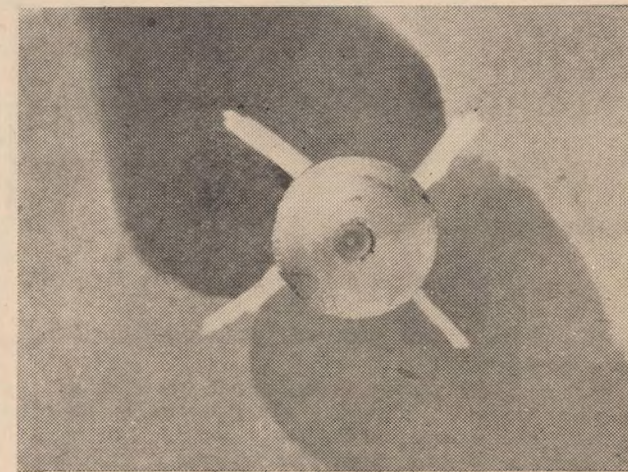
"I know her, I tell you," he continued. "She was alive and hearty yesterday. It's impossible she can be dead; it's impossible you should have got this body fairly."

"Sure, sir, you're mistaken entirely," said one of the men. But the other looked Fettes darkly in the eyes, and demanded the money on the spot.

It was impossible to misconceive the threat or to exaggerate the danger. The lad's heart failed him. He stammered some excuses, counted out the sum, and saw his visitors depart.

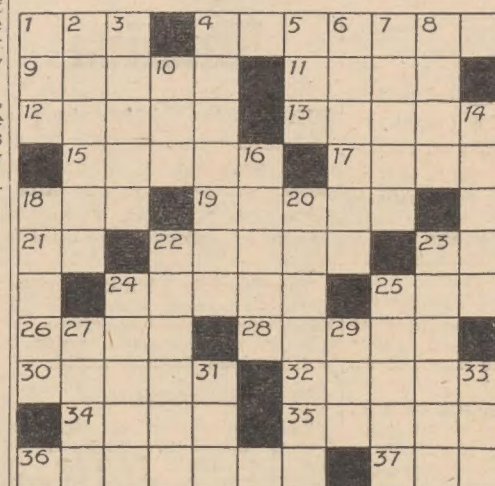
(To be continued)

To-day's Picture Quiz



WHAT IS IT?

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Spot of work.
- 4 Bung.
- 9 Break out.
- 11 Farm enclosure.
- 12 Beast of prey.
- 13 Pennons.
- 15 White of egg.
- 17 Place.
- 18 Bind.
- 19 Uttered shrilly.
- 21 Supported by.
- 22 Set about.
- 23 Short measure.
- 24 Melodious sound.
- 25 Hint.
- 26 Talk.
- 28 Kent town.
- 30 Voices disapproval.
- 32 General purport.
- 34 Region.
- 35 Cricket score.
- 36 Broiling frame.
- 37 Stitch.

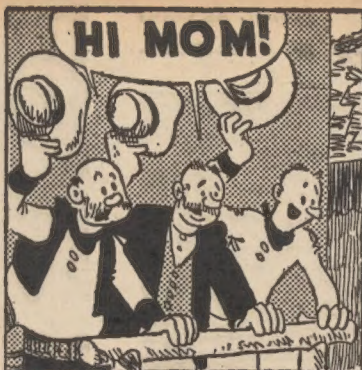
Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

GIST SHAPED
ANTIQUA AXE
LEAD MASSES
ARRAY RUT I
IT LANTERNS
BIB CIT YET
LAUGHTER E
A MAT SANDS
RABBIT PILE
ELL NOMINEE
SLEDGE DESK

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Black.
- 2 Source.
- 3 Wind instrument.
- 4 Chevrons.
- 5 From.
- 6 Fertilising powder.
- 7 Long shawl.
- 8 Brink.
- 10 Vegetable.
- 14 Retinue.
- 16 Inflexible.
- 18 Slight amount.
- 20 Carnation.
- 22 Pushed headlong.
- 23 Popular enthusiasm.
- 24 New Zealander.
- 25 Foreign coins.
- 27 Greyish white.
- 29 Annoy.
- 31 Heavy.
- 33 Inexperience.

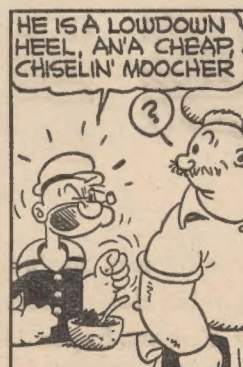
BEELZEBUB JONES



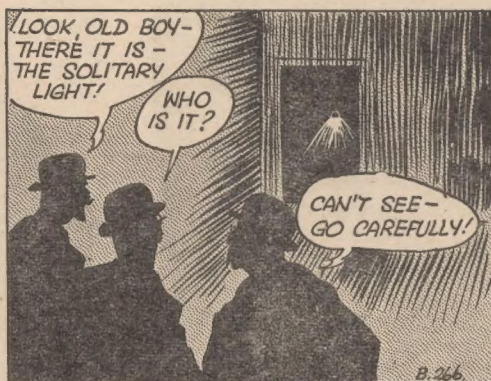
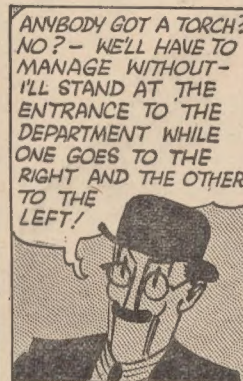
BELINDA



POPEYE



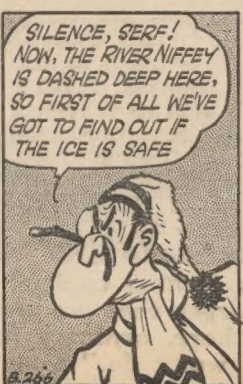
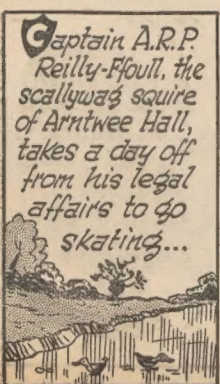
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Clubs and their Players—No. 9

By JOHN ALLEN

"THE Royal Family of Football."

That is the title bestowed upon Aston Villa many years ago, and the great Midland club has most certainly justified the honour.

Their claret and blue jersey is respected wherever soccer is played, and they have done as much as any other side to further good sportsmanship.

One of the richest clubs in the world, and possessing a ground that has few equals, the Villa commenced their career in rather humble circumstances.

A few lads connected with the Wesleyan Chapel in Lozells, Birmingham, decided to form a football club. One afternoon, while having a kick-about in Aston Park, a young fellow named George Ramsey, who was watching the game, was invited to join in.

He was a Scot, working in Birmingham, and his skill showed up the other lads. They asked him to join the club, and soon he was appointed captain of Aston Villa, as the team now called themselves.

Having properly organised themselves, the club took over a ground at Perry Bar. There was a pond behind one goal, a hay rack behind the other, and a large mound in the penalty area at one end of the field.

To complete this extraordinary picture, a row of trees ran down one of the touch-lines! The first "gate" taken by the club amounted to five shillings, but the Villa overcame every difficulty.

About this time they had a hefty, bearded goalkeeper named Bill Copley assisting them. Aston Villa by then had gathered together a great side, and often Copley never had one kick during a match.

One afternoon, when the Villa had scored twenty goals, Bill Copley took a small wooden bucket, used by a trainer, and went and sat near the centre of the field.

Even then he didn't get a kick—so he rushed among the forwards, pushed aside friend and foe, and crashed the ball past the opposing goalkeeper.

"That's all right, chum," he said to his captain, as he trotted up-field again. "I'm satisfied!"

Another colourful character was Charlie Athersmith, the only man to win a League Championship Medal, Cup Medal, and international caps against Scotland, Ireland and Wales in one season.

On one occasion, when rain teemed down, Charlie Athersmith, on the right wing, borrowed an umbrella from a spectator, while his partner, John Devey (afterwards a director of the club) put on a heavy overcoat. Thus attired, they continued to play great football.

So successful was this team that crowds became so large that the Villa made another change of ground. It was little more than a rubbish heap when they moved in. To-day it is a palatial headquarters.

The Villa have always possessed a brilliant centre-forward, but one of their greatest was Archie Hunter. For many years he gave them splendid service. Towards the end of his career he was struck down with a serious illness and confined to bed. It helped him, however, to lie and watch the people going to the Villa enclosure.

Small boys, whose hero he used to be, made a point, during the match, to go and tell him how the club was faring.

Aston Villa believe in making their own stars and blending them with expensive captures. They paid £21,000 for the transfer of Jimmy Allen from Portsmouth, and Frank O'Donnell from Preston. And the local lads Villa placed around these men proved very successful.

After the war, a "Villan" worth watching will be goalkeeper Alan Wakeman. He played for England as a boy, and has "kept" for Villa's League side.

He has all the hall-marks of a very great player, and may well gain more caps as a senior than he did as a junior. He played on six occasions for England as a boy—yet was centre-forward for his school's team!

This season the Villa have many of their stars again on duty—and that means thrills in plenty for those fortunate enough to see them in action.

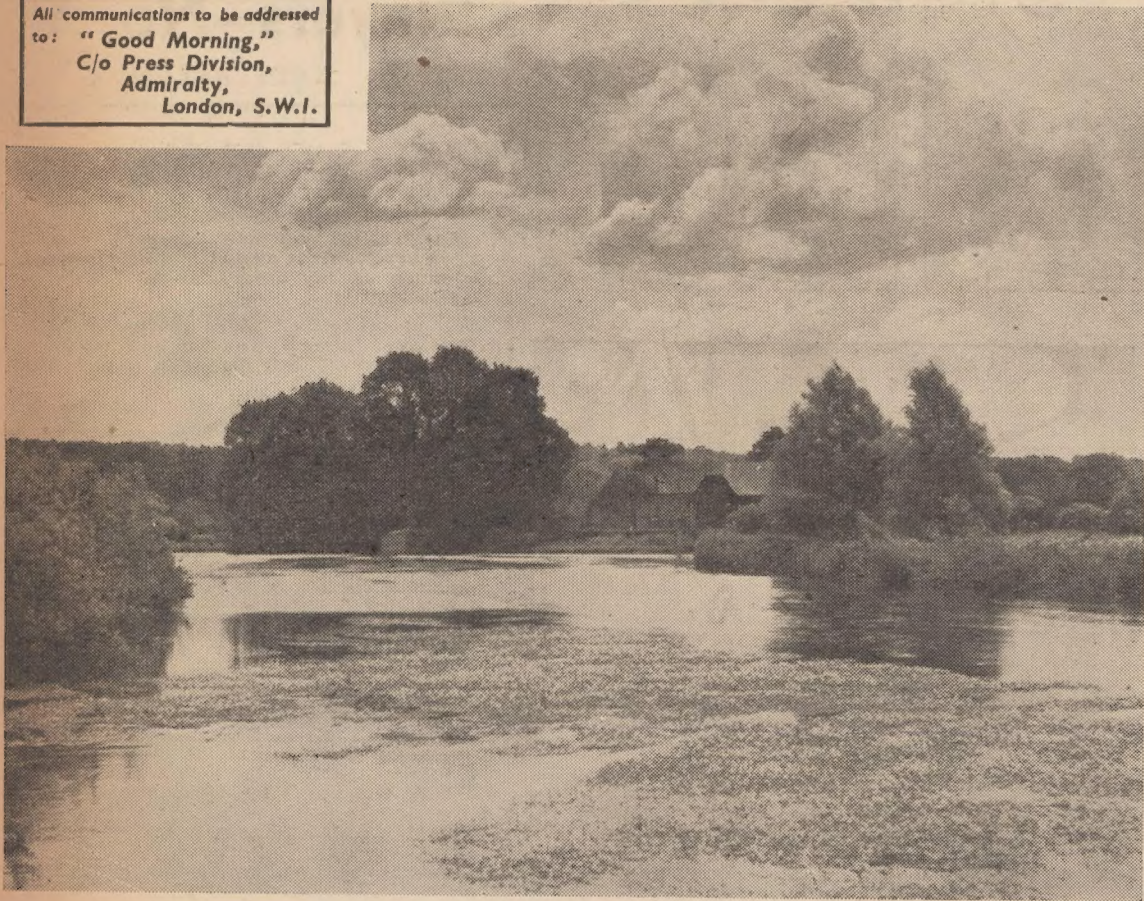
Send your Stories,
Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

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This England

A glimpse of the River Avon, as seen from the bridge at Breamore.



"You know, it hurts me as much as it hurts you, to force this down your throat, but if you don't eat it you'll never be a big girl like me."



"Come on son, don't spend the rest of your life looking down there. What's the attraction? I'm not beyond having a thrill myself you know."



Even without the trimmings Dolores Moran makes a lovely picture. Warner Bros. have selected her for a new thriller. Even without a thriller she'd be thrilling, or so we think.



"Say, who's coming to-day? Hope they don't forget that we are sacred animals out here, ordinary food just won't do."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Grrrr . . . I ain't scared."

